

A SUMMER REVERIE.

Upon a mossy knoll in the forest, I
Lay looking upward at the eternal blue
Of the infinite and quiet heavens, through
The oak-leaf and the beech-leaf canopy.
And now and then a cloud went drifting by,
Lilting and slow, and changing to the
view.
How like my fleeting summer thoughts to
you,
Calm, peaceful clouds! And now the evening
sky
A deeper, darker, lovelier azure bath.
The birds have ceased their singing, and the
breeze
Is filled with hum of insects; darkness
saith—
With the first few stars twinkling through
the trees—
That night has come. A little white and
death,
Like night, will end life's summer reveries.
Scribner.

APPLAUSE.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

"To be ambitious of applause, of
ceremonial respects and civil pagean-
try," wrote Sir Sidney. "It is a mean and
contemptible vanity." "It is of the
nature of such ambition," says Salust,
"to make men liars and cheats, play-
ing a small juggle with their mouths,
to gain a breath of flattery." And a
distinguished modern editor and essay-
ist condemns this ambition as mostly
inspired by the promptings of inordinate
self-love. Considering the prevalence
of this false ambition, and the opportu-
nity afforded in these times to gratify
it, a lecturer, or public speaker fit to be
called such, might almost consider him-
self flattered with the attentive silence
of his hearers. It has become so much
the fashion to applaud mere wit, mere
sentiment, and often, too, that of a
low cast, that it is often understood be-
forehand that solid discourse will fall
upon the average audience dull and dead.

Except that a speaker be fortified
with the sternest literary conscience, he
will hardly resist the temptation to cater
to this ungracious corruption. There
is, it must be confessed, a certain satis-
faction consequent upon outward ap-
plause, and when well and worthily
given no speaker may be indifferent to it;
but when he must prepare a line of
vulgar sallies and silly episodes before-
hand in order to call it forth, it becomes
distasteful. It may well be a question
with some speakers, whether to despise
themselves the more for having said a
smart thing, or their hearers for having
received it as though it were an utterance
of the gods.

Some speakers are, evidently, well
pre-assured of hurrying, and hand-
clapping, and handkerchief-waving,
because they bethought themselves to
punctuate and paragraph their dis-
course for such a reception. They are
so familiar with the public taste, they
know so well how to cater to it, as to be
able to answer its vicious expectations.
If they were inquired of at the start,
where the applause would come in,
they could tell, and the circumstances
of the delivery would justify their judg-
ment. They had the crowd in mind
in their work of preparation. They
coveted, when they thought or wrote
out their "little speech," to be ap-
plauded, and after the great deliv-
erance, they hastened to read it from the
hands of some reporter, bracketed with
that enchanting word, "applause."

But the highest style of public ad-
dress hardly admits of applause; cer-
tainly not where it interrupts the due
progress, or weakens the natural power
of the delivery. A speaker who is able
to go before an audience, and for an
hour speak well, ought to consider him-
self insulted by noisy demonstrations.
The reflection might then become him,
whether his speech was worth hearing,
or whether his hearers were worth ad-
dressing. There is something in this
noisy demonstration offensive to the
dignity of a truly great utterance. So
far from helping the ends the speaker
has in view, it hinders him in his work;
it embarrasses and weakens him. Only
as he becomes used to it, can he en-
dure it; and then, not as something to
be desired, but rather as an incidental
or unavoidable evil.

Henry Clay owed his eminence as a
debater to the early practice of reciting
from the best compositions of the ablest
divines, historians, philosophers and
statesmen. These recitations were
usually made, as he assures us, in
barns, cornfields, and pastures, and
sometimes in the far depths of the forest;
and mostly in the presence of squirrels,
and woodchucks, and blue jays, and
barn fowls, and horses, and sheep, and
oxen, which doubtless gave him respect-
ful attention, though modestly forbear-
ing so much as a grunt, a chirp, a
chirp, or a frisk, to indicate their ap-
probation. It was perhaps fortunate for
the young Kentuckian, that he did not
deliver these forensic displays into the
ears of a more intelligent audience—an
audience whose noisy response, per-
chance, might have so awakened in his
mind a conceit of himself as to have
spoiled him. However, as it was, he
learned the high art, the Ciceronian
art, of so lading himself, and so digni-
fying his subject, that his hearers when
listening to him found no room for
cheap applause. And this explains why
he so captivated and swayed his hear-
ers, their breathless silence answering
to his own pure ideal, and abundantly
justifying that philosophy of power in
public speech which he early believed in
and ever after adhered to.

Think a moment of the delivery of a
masterpiece of public address. Fancy
to yourself the occasion, and imagine
the speaker rising, and with an easy
politeness beginning his discourse.
There is force in every thought, elo-
quence in every sentence, grace in
every gesture, and purpose and passion

in every utterance. Copious, solemn,
exact, majestic, he becomes impassioned
without effort, convincing without argu-
ment, inspiring without purpose, and
winning without craft. His reflections
are solid, his expressions choice, his
style clear, his reasoning strong, his
figures graceful, and from first to last
in the onward progress of his delivery,
his discourse is entertaining and instruct-
ive—it is a masterpiece. Now there
must be, in such a discourse, a conti-
nuity of movement, a relation of parts,
and a rounded finish and fullness to the
whole, which is never improved in im-
mediate impressions, or in resultant
effects, by the interruptions of applause.
A speaker able to thus speak, would
rather appreciate the silence of pro-
found attention. The consciousness of
it would bring to him at once both a
deep satisfaction and a lofty inspiration.
Compared with such a hearing, calm,
thoughtful, soulful, that lighter listen-
ing which breaks into noise, sinks into
insignificance, or comes to be thought
of with disgust.

It is not easy to account for the desire
some public speakers manifest for
showy approbation. Perhaps, how-
ever, we can come at it by the study of
such a character. May it not be that he
has a controlling passion for an active
cast, and so nothing answers to him but
an appreciation that is not demonstrative?
As ignorance begets rashness, and
knowledge inspires caution, and as of
one comes modesty, and of the other
bravado, so a passion, native-born or
acquired, in a speaker, a passion for
noisy approval, demoralizes the integ-
rity of his speech, and alienates the
power of its delivery. Nor is the speaker
himself altogether to be blamed. Some-
thing must be charged to the
"itching ears" of audiences who create
the demand for clap-trap in public
speaking, and so offer a temptation to
the speaker to try his hand at it, rather
than that his message should be re-
ceived in silence. Society creates the
demand, and weak human nature yields
to it. The speaker's voice may be
weak, his presence unimpressive, his
manner awkward, his imagination
heavy, his speech slow—in short, he
may want almost every quality belong-
ing to a good speaker; but if, forsooth,
he be smart, if he can tell a pleasing
story well, if he have an extravagant
genius at making "hits," these will
"bring down the house," and make for
him friends, fame and fortune. Thus
ignorance and impudence are some-
times at a premium on our public plat-
forms—those forums which are the
tribunes of the people.

There is an opposite extreme into
which not a few hearers fall. Instead
of responding to the speaker's effort
with either outward show, or quiet and
silent attention, they do neither. It
would seem that they pride themselves
on their ill-behaved indifference, and
take precious and pious pains to show
it. Seldom does an audience of any
considerable size gather, where two or
three of these indifference may not be
found. And, generally, their indifference
takes on an air of self-assurance that
would indeed be laughable were it
not impudent. They are geniuses, too,
in their own estimation and in the es-
timation of a few admiring friends.
No matter how finished the speaker's
performance, it is beneath their dignity
to give it a decent attention, much less
to approve it. There they will sit,
like so many manikins, giving no sign
that they have the least interest in the
speaker or his speech; never betraying
by the twitch of a muscle, or the turn-
ing of an eye, that the truth has any
claims to their attention, or that they
have consented to its authority. If
there be any better name for this than
stupidity, or indecency, let it be called
by that name, but the name, whatever
it be, will not sweeten it. If it be
stupidity, then these dolts ought to be
aroused from it, and quickened to a more
appreciative sense; and if it be sheer
indecency, then they ought to be re-
proved for it, and somehow made to
observe better manners. At any rate
it is a piece of rudeness, all the more
intolerable because it is quiet, and all
the more to be condemned because it is
inexcusable. If these persons be con-
scious of abilities beyond those possessed
by the speaker, then it is a poor show
they make of themselves, in appearing
to care nothing for him or his message;
rather ought they to encourage his
lower genius by their very distinguished
attention. If one of this class of hear-
ers were for once to unbend from his
dignity enough to be impressed, and
then were to show it, there would be
reason to hope for the speedy coming
of the millennium.

It requires not a little courage on the
part of a public speaker, to forego all
consideration for the judgment of the
general public, for upon the favor of
this public his success largely depends.
There is, however, another public, nu-
merically smaller but immeasurably
greater, a public made up of those in-
telligent few who pay a calm veneration
to whatever is pure in art, noble in
character, grand in ideal, or great in
achievement. Not always presented to
our view, often concealed with cover-
ings of modesty, or withdrawn into
quiet retreats, they are unprejudiced
observers of our course, close and capa-
ble critics of our stage-play of life, and
one word of approbation from them
is worth all the great world's noise.
"Plato," said Parmenides, "is audience
enough for me." So between the quiet
approval a select few may give our
humble endeavors, and the noisy
demonstrations of the multitude, there
is no more choice than there would be
on the final day, between the "Well
done!" of the Master and the hurrahs
of the angels. The one might be a
spasm of passionate praise, of little or
no account; the other would be the

utterance of the solemn judgment of
approbation of our whole lives, filling
our hearts with delight, and wreathing
our faces with smiles.

NOTES OF THE BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

BY MACGOWAN.

The English Wesleyan Methodist
Conference met on Wednesday last in
Bristol. The preparatory committees
met and transacted their business dur-
ing the previous week; and all the var-
ied departments of the Connection were
found to be in a healthy and prosper-
ous condition. The Conference was
formally opened by the president an-
nouncing the hymn—

"And as we yet alive,
And see each other's face?"

Not all alive, verily. Death was busy
with the members of the Conference
during the year, and many seats were
vacant. After singing and prayer, the
vacancies in the Legal Hundred were
filled up. There were fourteen vacan-
cies—a much larger number than usual.
Every other vacancy is supplied by
nomination, and all ministers who have
traveled ten years have a vote. Any
minister who has traveled fourteen
years is eligible for nomination. Any
member of the Legal Hundred may
nominate a candidate. Those who are
elected by seniority are elected by the
Legal Hundred alone. When the other
members are elected the members of the
Legal Conference confirm the vote.

John Russell, Joseph Binn, James
Cooke, Alexander Rayner, John H.
Norton, John Hornby and Graham
Campbell are the ministers who were
elected by seniority. Mr. Campbell
supplied the vacancy which occurred in
the Irish part of the Legal Hundred by
the superannuation of James Hughes,
who retired from active service four
years ago. Strange to say, that, al-
though Mr. Campbell passes into the
Legal Hundred as Mr. Hughes' successor,
and who was five years a member
of that body, he is but one year Mr.
Hughes' junior in the ministry. Ten
members of the Legal Hundred belong
to the Irish Conference.

I will give the names of those elected
on nomination:—
1. Thomas Albrighton was elected
on the first ballot. He entered the min-
istry in 1851, and for several years a
missionary, returned to England in
1861, and has been appointed to first-
class circuits. It has been the custom
for years to elect to the Legal Hundred
the superintendent of the chief circuit
of the town in which the Conference
assembles; hence the election of Mr.
Albrighton.

2. George Bowden entered the min-
istry in 1851, also. He soon rose to a
high position as a minister, and his ap-
pointments have been always good.
He has spent the last six years in London.

3. Edward Lightwood is ten years
the senior of the two fore-named min-
isters, in the ministry. He entered the
itinerant work in 1841, and has spent
nine years in the metropolis.

4. George O. Bate entered the min-
istry in 1852, and for the last six years
has been secretary of the Education
committee. He is cultured and able.

5. John S. Workman is eloquent
and popular as a preacher, and has been
ten years in the ministry.

6. Wm. Jessop is governor of Wes-
ley College, Sheffield, and has been for-
ty-one years a minister.

7. Mr. John Tweddle is able and
scholarly, a suggestive, thoughtful
and instructive preacher—perhaps the
best theologian of the seven. He was
never nominated before, but Dr. Puns-
honor recommended him to the suffrages
of his brethren, and that secured his
election.

When these vacancies were filled, the
Conference proceeded to the election of
a president. It was doubtful who
would be elected, up to the last mo-
ment. Drs. Pope and Riggs were the
two ministers spoken of, and no one
could say which would be chosen.
There was considerable excitement,
and when the votes were taken it was
found that 205 were given for Dr. Pope,
and 162 for Dr. Riggs. Samuel Coley
received 39. Dr. Pope was declared
elected and he took the chair. He has
an excellent patronym for the chair of
an ecclesiastical assembly. He was
born in Nova Scotia in 1822, and is just
in the prime of life. He has been ten
years professor of theology in Disbury
College, and entered the ministry at the
early age of twenty.

Dr. Williams was re-elected secretary
by an almost unanimous vote.

An open session of the Conference
was held on the evening of the first day,
to give the public an opportunity of
hearing the delegates from other Meth-
odist bodies. Rev. Dr. Lowrey, of
your Church, addressed the meeting.
Rev. James Tobias, from Ireland, spoke
of the prospects of Methodism in that
country. In the large towns the dis-
establishment of the Irish Church had in-
creased their difficulties, but in the
country districts commuting and com-
pounding had left scattered fragments
of Protestantism uncarried for, and over
these they were to watch. In the Irish
Conference lay representation was an
accomplished fact, from which they
hoped for much good.

The sum of £17,988 has been con-
tributed during the year to the Worn-
out Ministers' fund. Rev. John Rat-
tenbury has lately raised, in addition to
the foregoing, a very large and hand-
some sum.

Of the 183 candidates for the min-
istry, 151 were accepted—the largest
number ever received. Thirty-four
were also accepted from foreign sta-
tions in China, Italy, India, Africa and
the West Indies.

THE SERVICE OF GOVERNMENT.

BY HARVEY N. SHEPARD, ESQ.

"I have two hundred millions in my
coffers," said Napoleon, "and I would
give them all for Ney." This saying
well indicates the great conqueror's
opinion of the value of a man. There
is an absolute need for men in all paths
of life; and in government service
especially, as its affairs are more im-
portant than those of any private in-
dividual, and its machinery more refined
and potent.

It is an interesting question to con-
sider, by what means the government
can place the right men in its service.
The advantages of having the right
men in the right places cannot be over-
estimated, for success depends upon it.
The system of competitive examinations
has long been adopted in China, and of
late in Great Britain, as the means of dis-
cerning men's qualifications for office.
But it must be mechanical, and detect
only qualifications which are little need-
ed. By examining a candidate's knowl-
edge of Latin and Greek, the mathe-
matics, and the facts of history, one
cannot learn if he will be a zealous of-
ficer, faithful, true, cautious, and capa-
ble of dealing rapidly with current
business; nor if he will be decided and
ready to take a certain amount of re-
sponsibility.

Again, many estimable men never do
their best until they deal with realities.
At school they were indolent and disin-
clined to acquire knowledge. Once
however in real life, they exert all their
powers, and are often found to be ad-
mirable managers of human affairs.
No competitive examination can dis-
cover the merits of such men.

The promoters of the system urge in
its favor that congressional influence is
now used to an excessive extent, and
appointments are given, not for merit
but for favor. It is desirable to get rid
of this influence. But, because a good
choice on the part of the executive has
been prevented by reason of congress-
ional solicitation, it is desirable to take
away from the executive all power of
choice? A simpler and better way, it
seems, would be to leave the executive
perfectly free to choose his agents, free
from the limitation of arbitrary rules
and examinations, and free from the
necessity of yielding to the injurious
demands of political expediency. Such
appeals to the opinion of President
Hayes, and may the support of the peo-
ple attend his efforts; that we may be
spared jockeying on the one hand, and an
inefficient, mechanical system on the
other; that, in the words of the Consti-
tution of the commonwealth, "the leg-
islative department shall never exercise
the executive and judicial powers, or
either of them; the executive shall
never exercise the legislative and judi-
cial powers, or either of them; the judi-
cial shall never exercise the legislative
and executive powers, or either of
them; to the end it may be a govern-
ment of laws and not of men."

THE CAMP-MEETING AS A SUMMER RESORT.

BY WILLARD HASKELL, A. M.

Are our camp-meetings losing their
ancient fire, and becoming mere pleas-
ant summer resorts? Where the spirit
of trade and speculation finds a focus
in the tented grove, there may be some
danger; but the simple fact of refresh-
ing the weary mind and body as well
as the soul, does not seem to be a very
serious fault. Our Lord hesitated not
to use His divine power in healing and
feeding the body when necessary; and
we have never heard of one who
thought it a sin to prepare the way for
spiritual truth by ministering to the
bodily comfort.

We know that vice prevails not by its
own winning qualities, but by stolen
charms, by attractions which it does
nothing to create. If intoxicating
liquor could be set forth in an open
market with a fair statement of what it
would do for good and evil, it would
find few purchasers. But it is the daz-
zle and excitement of evening gather-
ings, the enchantment of music, the
warmth of friendship, perhaps the
withering of rosy cheeks and flashing
eyes, all uniting to give deadlier effect
to the sneer of ridicule which is aimed
at the fearful one who dares not leap the
fatal gulf—these are the forces which
draw the victim within reach of the de-
stroyer, and hold him there till his
fingers are made secure. But did alcohol
invent friendship, or love, or beautiful
surroundings, or music, or the glow of
happy faces? All these delights are
wrought out by virtue acting in the
lines which God and nature have pre-
scribed, and all are enjoyed by the chil-
dren of virtue. A mere "religious
picnic" which should simply show how
these delights could be transferred from
the service of sin to that of purity,
would be deserving of the highest en-
couragement.

But the camp-meeting may be more.
It has at its disposal all the charms of
natural beauty, the vivifying power of
woodland air, the inspiration which
springs from the presence of a multi-
tude of sincere friends, and that nobles-
tude of music which wells up from
burning hearts and rolls from a host of
joyful tongues. But more than this, it
has the presence of the Holy Spirit and
the fire of a love which is stronger than
any earthly passion. Now we do not
want the camp-meeting less excellent
physically and mentally, but more ex-
cellent spiritually; and if, with such
aid, the spiritual side is not kept up,
there must be some defect in the hu-
man agencies employed.

Let him, therefore, who feels a fear
lest the spiritual tone of the camp-

meeting be lowered, regard that fear as
a commission to carry thither at least
one heart so full of the "love of Christ
that passeth knowledge," as to do his
own full share toward making all the
arrangements and surroundings mere
channels for conveying celestial force;
mere instruments for drawing hearts
within reach of a power whose wonders
of mercy shall prove it to be divine.

LETTER FROM DELAWARE, OHIO.

Educational matters in this place have
been in rather a chaotic condition dur-
ing the past two months. The subject of
co-education, and the union of the Ohio
Wesleyan Female College with the Ohio
Wesleyan University, have been fully
and freely discussed. At the late com-
mencement the president of the College
handed in his resignation. The trustees,
thinking that the time was most favor-
able, offered to turn over their property,
valued at \$75,000, to the University, on
condition that the doors be opened to
ladies. The one thing in the way has
been a debt of some \$12,000 resting on
the college property. The offer was
accepted, on condition that this debt be
raised. During the past week a meet-
ing of the trustees of the College was
held, and reports made by the committee
appointed to solicit subscriptions. Fully
one half the debt has been lifted, and
the rest placed where it will not be a
burden during the next two years.
There are strong hopes of securing the
remainder by Nov. 1st.

The executive committee of the Uni-
versity, being called together, accepted
the property and made arrangements
for the coming year. They resolved to
open the University in all departments
to ladies, while at the same time ar-
ranging a ladies' course for those who
do not wish to enter the University
proper. Rev. W. F. Whitlock, who
has been connected with the University
as professor since 1864, was made dean
of the Ladies' College. He will reside
on the premises and have general over-
sight of the young women.

The musical department has been
greatly strengthened by the addition of
a very superior vocalist. The art and
literary teachers have been re-elected
for the coming year. The outlook is
a very hopeful one. Applications for
catalogues are more numerous than in
usual for this time in the year. From
present indications the next year will
be a very prosperous one. E. T. N.

OUR ECLECTIC.

My future will not copy fair the past.
On any leaf but heaven's. Be fully done,
Supernal Will! I would not fail be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat: My wine has run
Ioked out of my cup, and there is none.
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled—yet I find some
good.

In earth's green herbs, and streams that
bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground—content
I sit with angels before better food.
Dear Christ! when Thy new vintage fills
my cup,
This hand shall shake no more, nor that
wine spill.
Elizabeth B. Browning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AT HOME.

I wish every American parent could
read the life of Charles Kingsley with
his children. There was a man, full of
affairs, giving to his parish an amount
of painstaking individual care, which
few rectors of the English Church be-
stowed, writing books, entering with
energy into plans for the elevation of
the masses, but he found time to live
with his boys and girls. He taught
them to love nature, and to study her.
He went with them in their walks. He
entered into their very thoughts. When
his son was away at school, he wrote
him letters that were as brotherly and
friendly as they were fatherly. He
made Sunday a charm and a festival,
and so filled his hours with cheer and
light that no day in the week was so
dear and so welcome to the circle at
Eversly Rectory. What was possible
to this man, is possible in degree to all
fathers. The thing wanted is that they
shall realize how important it is to
bring up a child well. No undertaking
on earth is so vast, so tremendous, yet
perhaps no other is esteemed by many
so lightly, because they live only for the
present moment, and not for the long
years of life and the endless ages of
eternity.

THE WORK OF CHRIST.

In this light how does the work of
Christ appear? Putting ourselves back
in His position, and looking down
through history, what do we see rising
up over this earth, to attest the practical
power of His life? Behind Him is the
various pomp of heathenism,—the
luxury of Babylon, the splendor of
Nineveh, the grotesque greatness of
Egypt—all set in relief against the little
they had done for the nobler nature and
the dearest interests of man. Behind
Him was the rich culture of Greece,
whose literature, the resource of the
intellectual, breathed nothing in behalf
of the struggling masses, nothing to
waken immortal hopes in the ignoble
poor, and whose architecture was dis-
tinguished by no asylum or charity
school. Around Him was the vigorous
power of Rome, that knew how to or-
ganize the State, how to build the palace
and the forum, the coliseum and the
theatre, but not how to speak to, or
legislate for, the finer wants and the
eternal structure of humanity. But
before Him, called up at the bidding of
His words, springing up in the pathway
of His breath which He scatters off into
the centuries, see what new institutions
rise,—homes more sacred and refined;
churches whose spires point in every

land to a common Father; hospitals in
which obscure sufferers find wise and
gentle care; institutions of beneficence
that enfold the blind and the lame, the
impotent intellect and the smitten
frame, hopeless poverty and orphaned
minds, in the embrace of a charity be-
fore unorganized on the globe. Laws
begin to relax their sternness, manners
to catch a kinder courtesy, science to
glow with richer hues, literature to
swell with nobler purposes. And see
how the evils and hardships of the
world begin to stand out in a new light!

How pain begins to be conquered in a
spirit higher and sweeter than the stoic
taught; how unbelief is confronted with
truth that charms its doubts away; how
sick-rooms are visited with tones, sweet
as they are mystic, "Be of good cheer,
I have overcome the world;" how
graves are illumined with the words He
uttered, that seem to have floated up-
ward and inwoven themselves in the
starlight that arches over the cemeteries
of Christendom. "In my Father's house
are many mansions;" and how be-
reaved ones hear a call, as from one
bearing the peace, as well as authority,
of the skies, "Come unto Me, all ye
that labor and are heavy laden, and I
will give you rest!" Such, in the light
of history, are Christ's relations to hu-
manity. Everything noblest in our
institutions, highest in our public prin-
ciples, most just and noble in our law,
sweetest in private character, most
elevating in our ideas and hopes, can be
seen to radiate and diffuse itself over
the best portion of the earth, from His per-
sonality. Strike Him out from his few
months' ministry in Palestine, and all
these elements and facts which vivify
society and ennoble our life disappear,
as the rays of light would vanish if the
sun should be quenched.—T. Starr
King.

HYMN OF PENITENCE.

Lowly I bow before Thee, Lord,
With penitence draw near,
Encouraged by Thy precious word;
Thou wilt to me appear.
My life how vainly have I spent;
My thoughts how far from Heaven;
The world I serve with full intent
From God my soul has driven.
I mourn my wanderings, Lord, from Thee,
My state of guilt and sin;
I pray, and wait, and long to be
Restored and pure within.
I trust in my Redeemer's power
Who can my soul release.
Reveal Thyself this present hour,
Fill with Thy perfect peace!

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Our Book Table.

No reader that has yielded himself to the
fascination of Page's *Into Life of De Quincy*,
in which this marvelous genius and
charming writer is permitted largely to tell
his own story up to the period when phys-
ical infirmities, exacerbated by his terrible
habit of opium-eating, rendered writing im-
possible, can fail to desire to read whatever
he has written. The history of the produc-
tion of much of this literature is given in
his memoirs, and a strong desire is awak-
ened to read after one who seemed dur-
ing all his life to have no other than a view
of things that are seen, but a singular penetra-
tion into the hidden relations of truth, and a
constant transcendental vision. He wrote as
if dreaming, but with extraordinary clear-
ness, and guided by a remarkably broad
correct scholarship, as well as an extraor-
dinary intellect. The publisher of the new
full, and very fine American edition of
De Quincy's Writings—Messrs. Hurd
& Houghton—could not have completed their
task at a more favorable moment. They
now issue the twelfth and closing volume,
which is entitled *NARRATIVE AND MISCEL-
LANEOUS PAPERS*. It contains eleven arti-
cles, first furnished as contributions to
Blackwood, Tait, and the London magazines,
and an admirable sketch of his intimate
and greatly esteemed friend, Professor
Wilson, now for the first time published in
his collected works; and originally printed
in the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*. This
volume is prefaced by an interesting intro-
duction, written by the American editor,
giving an account of the gradual gathering
of the material composing the completed
works. At the end of the volume is a full
index of the whole work. De Quincy was
the companion of Wordsworth, although
much younger, of Coleridge, Southey, Wil-
son, Lamb, and the leading writers of that
prolific age in English literature. He was
the wonder of the whole circle, and awak-
ened the utmost respect for his extraordi-
nary knowledge of classic literature and
current writings of the period, especially
the German, just then beginning to be read
in England. His great physical suffering, and
for many years entirely under his control.
Upon his introduction to the quieting effect
of opium, he esteemed himself to have fallen
unexpectantly upon an angel of comfort.
In his confessions he vividly describes both
the rest from pain which he experienced,
and the ravishing visions that followed its
first trial. "I took it, and in an hour—O,
heavens! . . . what an apocalypse of the
world within me! Here was a panacea for
all human woes; . . . happiness might now
be bought for a penny, and carried in the
waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasies might
be corked up in pint bottles; and peace of
mind could be sent down in gallons by the
mail coach!" But in the end, how roughly
the veil was torn from the angel's face! and
becoming a demon frightful in aspect and
fendish in power, how he enslaved and ren-
dered wretched the life of one whose domes-
tic, social and intellectual gifts were of the
first order, and whose misery could find a
delightful home and a wide and affectionate
friendly circle. This edition of De Quincy
takes now a permanent place in literature and
will never grow dusty on our book-shelves.
The volumes are sold at \$1.75 each.

Harper & Brothers add another to their
already ample list of Latin text-books, in
Anthon's *TTI LIMI AB URBE CONDITA*, or
four books of Livy's History of Rome. The
notes on two of the books and a part of the
third were prepared by Prof. Anthon, previ-
ously to his death; those and the remainder
are furnished by Prof. Hugh Craig, together
with an elaborate introduction; the whole
amply furnishing the student with helps for
the understanding of this famous author.

Cox's *SCHOOL HISTORY OF GREECE*, a 16mo.
of 348 pages, is an admirable synoptical
view of the history of the Greek people,
clear in outline, sufficiently full for the learner
and animated in style. The volume is not
a mere recitation of the author's General
History of Greece, nor yet a compilation of
dry annals; rather a simple historic thread
strung with animated sketches of men and
events well adapted to engage the attention
and cultivate the mind of the young reader.
The same house gives us another installment
of their uniform edition of William Black-
stone's *THREE FEATHERS*—a work marked
by the same characteristic excellences of
style and style as its predecessors.
Harper's Half-Hour Series grows in size
and interest. *PETER THE GREAT*, is a rare
sketch of the rise of the grand organizer of
the north and of his empire; *PERRY AND
THE PROPHET*, a well-told story by Wilkie
Collins; *KATE CROMBIE'S DOWRY*, not the
story of the wife of the Oregon senator, but
another even more interesting by Mrs.
Cashe Hoy; *A PRIMER OF GREEK LITERA-
TURE*, and *A PRIMER OF LATIN LITERA-
TURE*, are miniature sketches of the litera-
tures of these two great peoples, by Eugene
Lawrence. These primers are small, but
expressive and rich in both material and
style. These works are on sale by Lee &
Shepard.

Thomas Y. Crowell of New York has
issued the second of his attractive series
of British Poets. The volumes are handsome
duodecimos, of five or six hundred pages
each, in small, clear type, printed upon good
paper, and sold for a dollar; with gilt edges,
\$1.50. The present issue is *SCOTT*, contain-
ing all the acknowledged and approved
poems of the great Scotch novelist and poet.
It is a very attractive and a very cheap edi-
tion. Estes & Lauriat have it for sale in
Boston.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin's beautiful illus-
trated edition of Farrar's popular *LIFE OF
CHRIST* is now published in two parts, at
twenty-five cents

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

perate as they might be. I regret to say, that in some instances our tempo-

g. taken in the congregations of western Conference on behalf of building fund of the Methodist church.

A good report comes to us from Sonoma county, The Lord is blessing His people and saving sinners.

ie, some days having been light. Eggs are du
prices are lower. Reduced Sugars are du
rices low.

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The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with payments made, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.

Postmasters and subscribers wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent, as well as the one to which they wish it sent.

To return a paper, or refuse to take it from the post-office, is not a proper notice to stop it. Persons wishing to discontinue their paper should write to the office of publication and say so; but they should be very careful to forward amount due, for a subscriber is legally held on as long as the paper may be sent if the arrears remain unpaid.

Communications which are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request to do so is made at the time they are sent, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally useless to make this request at any subsequent time. Articles are frequently rejected which, if condensed into half their space, we might be glad to use. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket at once, unread.

Articles are paid for only when this is expressly stipulated.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1877.

He was emphatically sowing seed by the wayside. We knew him thirty years ago as one of the leading photographic artists of the city. He is now quite absorbed in the higher service of the Great Master. He was distributing leaflets, which he publishes by the tens of thousands, through the train on which we met him. He dropped into our hands "Jesus Only" and "The Grounds of Peace." We watched the immediate effect of this "seed sowing" around us. A very few refused to receive the tract. Some took it, glanced at it, and threw it aside. Others received it kindly and apparently read it carefully. Upon a "through" train, farther away from their homes and business, more readiness, doubtless, would have been manifested to receive the little preacher. Some will fall into good ground and produce much fruit. We once heard of a young commercial traveler who found himself quite shut up to this form of evangelistic service, relate his experience. The bread he cast up on the waters often returned to him in the most affecting form. Repeatedly, the most significant results had followed the providential gift of a judiciously-written tract.

"Bow in the morn thou seest,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land."

Remaining at our post through the summer, we have had occasion again the present season, as heretofore, to know that, in portions of the city, it has been found very difficult to obtain ministers to visit the sick and bury the dead. We cannot see how any pastor can leave his flock without making ample provision for such incidents, gives them are quite sure to occur during the heated term. When a physician takes a vacation (and this, indeed, is a rare event), he makes careful provision for attendance upon his patients and for casual calls. We see many reasons why a diligent pastor in cities and large towns, where the strain upon mind and body is constant, should have an annual, temporary respite from service; but no clergyman ought to feel at ease in his mind without he, or his Church, has made adequate arrangements for this most delicate and important portion of pastoral duty, which is never intermitted by Providence. Upon the Church or parsonage this provision should be distinctly announced; so that the afflicted may know whether to turn in their hours of sorrow. We have known some very painful instances of bereavement exasperated by the almost impossibility of securing pastoral attention and sympathy, or ministerial service at the funeral.

The most effective Church, like the model family home, is the one for all-service. Most Churches, like some city houses, are built too narrow; there is not room for breadth of operation. The people have a variety of wants, but your Church is constructed to meet, it may be, no more than one or two of them. It should be so constructed as to meet all those having a spiritual bearing. The Church, as the representative of the Lord Jesus among men, should be the broadest institution on earth. Instead of this we find many Churches exceedingly straitened in themselves. Instituted for the whole world, they never expand in their ideas or operations beyond certain narrow circles. One cares for the cultured, another for the illiterate; one speaks to the multitude, another to the select few; one fortifies the intellect, another touches the heart—all good lines of service, but they need to be closely combined and operated in harmony.

The power of a Church will be in proportion to the breadth of its service. If you labor for a class you may attain your end; but you will be pretty sure to lose your hold on all other classes. The very goal you aim at will circumscribe the sweep of your influence. Strike rather for men than for classes of men; cast the net into the sea and gather up all kinds of fish, sorting out and casting away only the bad.

The Catholic Church is, in this particular, superior to the Protestant. It has given birth to as many sects as Protestantism, but they are nearly all embraced in her capacious and motherly arms. The only wonder is that the leaders of the 16th century did not turn the springs of the Reformation into the gardens of Rome. At an early day this could have been done, and the streams from these pure fountains of truth and life would have refreshed and made green the sere fields of Catholicism. The hour lacked its present leader who was able at once to comprehend the depth of the movement and its bearings on future ages.

But, having lost the Reformers, she still endeavors to be all-sufficient to her people, supplying them not only with religious teaching, but with the means of education, with social agencies, and with what she esteems wholesome political ideas. The attempt at this great breadth is admirable, though the methods of carrying it out are not always wise. Churches should not be content simply to inform people how to escape perdition; they should aid, so far as may be consistent with the ultimate aim, in making them comfortable and useful citizens of the lands in which they now live.

A model prayer-meeting is an immense attraction in almost any community. Less formal than the preaching service, people are attracted by its ease and freedom, its accordance with the usual methods of social communication, its spontaneity, impulse, warmth and gush. They feel as well as hear; they come to touch and handle, as it were, the word of life.

The difficulty of securing a good prayer-meeting is much greater than that of securing a good sermon. The schools manufacture the preachers to order; the patent for a first-class prayer-meeting is retained by the Lord Jesus, only those being able to obtain the advantages of it, who will consent to work under His guidance and by His methods. To secure the preacher, you have to look for only a single man; to secure the model prayer-meeting you have to obtain the concurrence and co-operation of many. The sermon proceeds from an individual soul, the prayer-meeting from the assembly. The one is a solo, the other a symphony—a mingling of many desires, aspirations, prayers as they are wafted upward on the wings of faith and song.

The successful Churches are the prayer-meeting Churches. The people will go where they have rousing prayer-meetings, as they find there what answers to a deep want of their souls. They are fed with spiritual meat and warm bread from heaven. The preaching is well, cannot be dispensed with, as it affords the basis of doctrine and the statement of truth to the intellect; but it was not designed to stand alone. The prayer-meeting is the proper application of the sermon; and the people will not care for the sermon with the improvements omitted. Deprecate it as you may, men will leave the church empty which has only sermons, to crowd those where the doctrines of the day are sweetened and vivified by the stirrings and heavings of a religious life in the exercises of the prayer circle at evening. Here is freedom and movement in the line of experience. If you would have a living and thriving Church, maintain your prayer-meetings in full vigor. Be there; be there to do something to add to the interest of the occasion.

It is good discipline for a young lad or girl, of suitable age, to leave home and attend a boarding school, if you are sure of the influences that will surround them there. It breaks up their self-consciousness—a habit of thinking only of themselves—broadens their ideas, awakens their ambition, throws them upon their own resources, gives them an opportunity to enjoy the influences of home sweetened and enhanced by the distance that temporarily intervenes, and introduces them to those who will be conspicuous in society when they reach their maturity. Such excellent, wholesome, and positively Christian schools are Wilbraham, Greenwich, Tilton, Montpelier, Kent's Hill and Bucksport—all of them finely situated for prospect and sanitary conditions, with well-appointed halls for boarding and instruction, and admirable facilities. Here young lads and ladies will enjoy the harmonious development of body, mind and heart, the best of intellectual training, the richest social privileges, and such religious opportunities as some of us of the ancient courts of alumni remember with grateful pleasure. Send the young people thither, even if it costs some family sacrifices. It will be a determining era in their lives. If you prefer for your girls a separate school, where will you find such a combination of nature, art and grace as at Lassell, under Principal Bragdon? Paradise is well-nigh regained on that beautiful hill of science. It is a lifelong memory to enjoy its abundant opportunities.

One of our excellent pastors, who is very modest and quiet in his manners, has been esteemed by some as lacking adequate social qualities for the requirements of some of our Churches. But it never occurs where he is pastor that one family in the congregation is omitted in his regular visitations. He not infrequently visits every family in the town, where he is for the time the Methodist pastor, that is not an attendant upon some other congregation. He is not much of a joker or a humorist, but then he is a gentleman, and never forgets that he is a minister. His visits are pastoral as well as social, and usually are closed with prayer. This is, and we are sorry to say, a somewhat obsolete custom, but it is certainly a wholesome one, and sometimes is a special means of grace.

There is an element of divine sublimity in the calm, constant, untroubled advancement of the Church, in spite of all the opposition raised by doubt, by specious generalizations of science, and by positive infidelity. Volumes are printed, lectures delivered, polemics started, in the interest of unbelief. It is constantly affirmed, as it has ever been since the Christian era, that the learning of the world is opposed to revealed religion, especially to the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. Thoughtful Christians have constantly responded in noble apologetics, which form the splendid literature of Christianity. But the great body of Christian people neither know nor care about this controversy of the ages. Their own personal experiences form the most satisfactory and convincing evidences of the divine authenticity of the Christian faith. So the benign work of disciplining the world goes solemnly and triumphantly on. The various

apostates, opposers, maligners, and unbelievers, make their bitterest attacks upon the faith, and many of them live long enough witness their own impotency. Unbelief destroys itself. The foes of Christianity fight with, and defeat, each other. Like the stormy waves of the sea, they beat against the rock upon which Christ has established His own Church, simply to their own destruction. The great deep remains calm. The gates of hell will never prevail against her.

PRIMARY IMPORTANCE OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

Wonderful Sunday-school congresses are being held all over the land. They are emphatically protracted meetings. They are, some of them, camp-meetings extending over, not one Sabbath only, but three or four. They are simply amazing in their multitudinous attendance, in the variety of exercises forming their programmes, and the ability with which they are sustained. All the natural, physical, intellectual and moral sciences, are made to contribute through trained teachers to the interests of these great temporary universities. It cannot help being the fact, that much good is gained at these normal institutes, as well as much wholesome intellectual and physical recreation secured.

In our several States, during the year, district conventions of like character are held, and all our denominations have their local gatherings; while the Churches have their repeated Sunday-school congresses, where the same themes are discussed. The Sunday-school, although entirely voluntary, has become as much an established institution as the public school, and, in these external and national associations, follows the modes and forms of the supporters and educators of the common school.

From being an incident of Sabbath worship, it has come to be one of the most prominent and indispensable services of the Lord's day. It is very rapidly securing for itself one-half of the day set apart for rest and the worship of God; in many of our Churches the choicest hours of the Sabbath—those heretofore devoted to morning preaching. In the preparation of its lessons and text-books, the study of its interests and means of advancement, the discussion of its fundamental principles, the management of its broad curriculum, forming the instructors of its normal conventions, the writers of its volumes of Biblical interpretation, the editors of its legion of papers and tracts, the authors of its immense library, are to be found some of the leading and most facile minds of the land. The army of Sunday-school attendants, illustrators, authors, artists, charcoal sketchers, costumed, and irrepressible talkers at concerts and conferences, is simply amazing.

No man will so much abuse an average power of observation as to say that the present Sunday-school facilities are not far in advance of a quarter of a century ago. We have better text-books, and a large library of superior works illustrating the Scriptures. We have many very excellent, appropriate and entertaining volumes for the S. S. library, as well as a perfect deluge of the veriest trash. There are weekly sheets and monthly magazines that can hardly be surpassed in variety, value and adaptation to the field they cultivate. We have in these days many excellent superintendents, thoroughly instructed teachers, and a large number of every way model Sunday-schools.

With all this, it is also true that our average Sunday-schools are not, on the whole, increased as to the attendance upon them by having allotted to them a whole moiety of the Sabbath day, even with all the rich endowments of our modern institutions. We do not secure any larger attendance of adults, although we have named it a Bible school; and, what is more to be regretted, we do not secure the attendance of so many as formerly of the children upon the preaching service of the sanctuary and in the social meeting for praise and prayer. The great leaders in the present remarkable development of the Sunday-school institution are not at fault for this. They are constantly urging upon their co-workers the vital importance of leading the children into the sanctuary at the hour of public worship. But this is the sad fact, that the Sunday-school is widely becoming the children's Church. Its services are now quite protracted, and it is attended by many parents as all the attendance upon God's house that should be exacted from the children on the Lord's day. The result is, that while the Sunday-school of itself would half fill the sanctuary, a child's face and attractive form are rare sights in the pews during public worship. When the Sunday-school is held in the morning hour for public service, they remain at home in the afternoon; when the afternoon is devoted to it, they study their lessons at home in the morning.

Now, we are free to express our opinion, even in this hour of Sunday-school pre-eminence, that if children cannot attend both Sunday-school and public worship, it is every way better for them to attend the latter. It is now the hour in their lives when their most powerful, determining, and persistent impressions are received. The habit of associating the Sabbath with ideas of special sanctity, of regular attendance upon the sanctuary, of the importance of public worship, is now to be formed. If this habit is not formed, we shall see, what we do now see, in the instance of members of Christian families, a most extraordinary looseness of sentiment and habit in reference to the Sabbath and the instruction of the pulpit.

Besides, if the pastor is such a man as he ought to be, he is not only himself responsible for the feeding of the lambs, but he is able to instruct them more wisely, broadly and impressively than the average Sunday-school teacher. His is the hand that is to lead them, in their early years, into the fellowship of the Church. He is to draw them by his winning voice and loving instructions into Christ's fold, and to proffer them the symbols of his Master's love and passion for "the little children." They are to be won to all the offices of the Church, and to be made as familiar with them as with the Sunday-school. They are to say, with equal warmth and significance, "This is my minister, my Church, my prayer-meeting," as they do, "This is my superintending teacher and Sunday-school."

By preaching, not to the school separately, but often to the children in the midst of the regular Sabbath discourse; by always preaching clearly, simply, earnestly, scripturally, and directly (looking them in the face, and not upon a manuscript), the young people must be won to the sanctuary, and be fascinated by its human and divine attractions, in the best sense of the word, when there. It is much better for the pastor to have the reputation of a story-teller than to be so frigid and stiff that a child feels itself to be in a pillory while he is preaching. It is not necessary, however, to retail ancient parables. If one has fresh truth, vividly illustrated, and delivered with animation, children will readily be won to his hearing. But, by all means, let us defend public worship from any encroachment by the Sunday-school; and, above everything else of human provision, let us train our children to a sacred regard for the sanctuary services, and a constant attendance upon them.

SPIRITUAL HUNGER.

Spiritual hunger is a constant factor in human experience. All men have it. There is a universal craving for something to satisfy the wants of the soul. Men do not always understand the meaning of this hunger—do not know that it is the voice of the immortal spirit demanding spiritual food. It is not, as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek the proper food. The moral nature of men is so deranged and perverted by sin, that they hunger and thirst, and are starving spiritually, without even so much as conceiving what is their real want, how it came, and where to go for satisfaction. They mistake their unrest and hunger, for a demand of the lower nature, and try to satisfy it with material good. "They go after this or that objective circumstantial good, thrust on, as in some kind of madness, by the terrible impulsion of their hungry immortality; confessing all the time, that they fail, even when in form they succeed, and that their objects, whether gained or lost, have no relation to their real wants." Many resort to the imaginary pleasures of sinful, sensual self-indulgence; seeking to appease the hunger of the God-like soul by gratifying the base desires of the bodily nature! Others seek wealth, and fill their coffers with gold; or they seek happiness in the attainment of position, and power, and fame; but always with the same result—utter failure to satisfy the wants of the soul. The soul is still hungering and thirsting and starving within them, because in all these things it has not received a single particle of food, and never can, by reason of its very constitution. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." What satisfies the body, will not satisfy the soul. If a man could have all conceivable physical gratifications, and all the riches, fame, honor and power in the world, these could not make him content or happy, because they could not minister to his spiritual nature, or appease its hunger.

"Alas, how vain!
With thoughts of earthly sort, with sighs but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul;
To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
To marry immortality with death;
And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
To fill the embrace of all eternity."

The utter insufficiency of earthly goods to give the soul rest and happiness is proved by the uniform testimony of those who have the largest possessions. One who had all that heart could wish of wealth, fame and friends, has said,

"In vain I seek for rest
In all created good,
It leaves me still unrest,
And makes me cry for God.
And sure at rest I cannot be,
Until my soul finds rest in Thee."

If our origin and our capacities were less high and divine, if we were like the brutes which perish, we might hope to find satisfaction in earthly things. But as an immortal spirit, created in the image of God, and allied to Him by the possession of an intellectual and moral nature, man can only find the necessary supply and nutriment of his being in God Himself. He has affections, desires and aspirations which are continually reaching after God, and will not and cannot be satisfied with anything less than the ministrations of His Spirit and the fullness of His love. "Every finite spirit is inherently related to the Infinite, in Him to live and move and have its being. It wants the knowledge of God, the approbation of God, the society of God, the internal manifestation of God, a consciousness lighted up by His presence, to receive His fullness, to be strong in His might, to rest in His love, and to be centered in His everlasting glory." Without God, and a vital union and

communion with Him, man is an "incomplete creature—a poor, blank fragment of existence," hungering and thirsting and famishing in his isolation.

Wherefore the most important truth for men to know, and believe, and act upon, is that God and God alone can supply all their need, and fully satisfy the wants of their souls. Whoever will come to Him in compliance with the conditions—sincere renunciation of all sin, and humble trust in His promises—will find in Him a satisfying portion. This, and nothing less than this, was the object of the atonement of Christ. It is also the teaching of innumerable promises and invitations of Scripture. Christ says: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." And the Psalmist says: "He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with His goodness."

VERMONT'S FESTIVAL.

Last Wednesday and Thursday were great days for Vermont days to be marked with a white stone in the memory of every citizen of the Green Mountain State. On the former was celebrated the centennial of Vermont's declaration of independence; on the latter the centennial of the bravely fought and nobly won battle of Bennington, one of the most important and cheering victories of the Revolutionary War. Both celebrations were at Bennington, which was the first settled, and a hundred years ago by far the most important town in the territory, then called the New Hampshire grants, afterwards New Connecticut, and still later Vermont. Although Vermont was not one of the original thirteen, it was by no fault of her people; and while they are one after another celebrating the historic events of the revolutionary era, she joins them by good right, having done noble service in those desperate days.

But how the time goes on! It seems but yesterday since we here in Massachusetts celebrated with enthusiasm and pomp the opening battles of the Revolution. Since then South Carolina has observed with due honor the centenary of the heroic defense of Moultrie; Pennsylvania has celebrated the adoption of the Declaration of Independence; New Jersey has celebrated Washington's strategic successes at Trenton and Princeton in midwinter; New York has taken notice of the anniversary of the disastrous battle of Long Island; and only a week or two ago of the fight at Oriskany; and next October the surrender of Burgoyne's army, of which this battle of Bennington was an efficient cause, will be observed. The celebrations of the opening battles of the war here in Massachusetts were in many ways made events of national interest. So, of course, was the 4th of July, 1876, at Philadelphia. The other celebrations have been more local in their observance, but we presume that when we come to that crowning military event of the Revolutionary War, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in Virginia, there will be another demonstration which will receive general national recognition.

For all this region the Bennington celebration has had a peculiar interest, and the presence of the President, with several members of his cabinet, has given more than local dignity to the occasion. The ample preparations, the known hospitality of the Vermonters, the favorable season of the year, the various attractions provided, all conspired with the general interest in the occasion to draw a large and distinguished company, much the largest and most distinguished that was ever collected on the soil of the old State. The exercises of commemoration began appropriately enough on the Sabbath by special religious services in the churches. Then for two days there was a constant gathering of visitors from far and near, of all conditions and degrees, but a small part of whom could be housed comfortably. There were great camps of the militia and the veterans of the late war; and when Wednesday came, with its additional thousands of impouring guests, the old town must have imagined itself transformed into a metropolis. But the next day the attendance was almost doubled. Four States had a particular interest in the occasion: Vermont, of course; New Hampshire, which furnished the commander and a large proportion of the soldiers engaged in the fight; Massachusetts, which sent three hundred men and a fighting parson from Berkshire county; and New York, within whose limits is the actual field of battle, seven miles from the old village of Bennington.

Wednesday's celebration was, as we have said, of the State's declaration of independence. The features of the day were, a grand procession, an oration by Hon. Daniel Roberts, of Burlington, a poem by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, of Rutland, and speeches by many distinguished guests. The event celebrated was a unique one in our colonial annals. The territory now known as Vermont was, in 1760, still a wilderness, unknown except by the reports of hunters and the military expeditions that had made their way through it in wars with the French and Indians. New Hampshire claimed it, and the governor of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth, granted township settlements in it to as many as one hundred and thirty parties of settlers. The settlers were, for the most part, of very independent character, and a large part of them took to the wilderness on account of differing from the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut on the question of union

of Church and State. They belonged to the sect called "Separatists." In 1764 the governor of New York obtained a royal confirmation of New York's claim to all the territory to the Connecticut river, and he began granting this land in vast tracts, or manors, to people of his colony. Out of this double claim grew a long legal and semi-warlike contest, lasting almost thirty years, or until 1791. When a New York sheriff with a posse of three hundred men went across the line to execute writs of ejectment, they were met and driven back by a larger company from Bennington and the neighborhood. This was really the first battle of Bennington, although it is known in New York annals as "the Bennington mob."

When the war of the Revolution broke out, local strife was in a measure suspended. The people of Vermont saw their opportunity, with shrewd discernment. They held a convention, declared their sympathy with the cause of the colonies, and applied to the Continental Congress for recognition and representation. But they were unsuccessful. In 1777, finding Congress reluctant to favor their design, they declared themselves independent, not only of Great Britain, but also of New York and New Hampshire. All through the Revolutionary War the Green Mountain boys bore themselves honorably and did excellent service. They were a sturdy set, unexcelled in hardihood and courageous temper. At the close of the war they again attempted to obtain admission to the Union as a separate community, but Congress hesitated, on account of the claims still asserted by New York. An independent sovereignty and form of government was established, and finally, in 1791, having obtained from New York a relinquishment of all claims in consideration of the payment of \$30,000 to satisfy those who had purchased proprietary rights, the State was admitted to the Union, being the first received after the adoption of the Constitution.

Many people not thoroughly versed in the details of revolutionary history, have been surprised to learn how really important the battle of Bennington was. Of course every school-boy had heard of brave John Stark who led his little army into the fight with the declaration that they should win, "or Mollie Stark will sleep a widow to-night;" and to later generations the battle has been more celebrated for that remark than for its actual good results. In fact, it was one of the most helpful and decisive events of the whole struggle for independence, and made an illumination of cheerfulness in the midst of a dark season. Burgoyne from Canada was marching to join Howe from New York, at Albany. He had captured Ticonderoga filled with stores of ammunition which the colonists could ill spare, and defended by the honest but incompetent Schuyler. This threw open all Vermont to the ravages of the invader, and the stores accumulated at Bennington were naturally the object of desire. John Stark was living on his New Hampshire farm, having retired from the army after distinguishing himself at Bunker Hill, Trenton, and in several other conflicts, on account of some slights to his honor and his services. In the exigency he accepted from the governor of New Hampshire a commission as general and commander of the New Hampshire militia. With his New Hampshire boys he plunged into Vermont, and the Green Mountain boys rallied to his standard. He refused to serve under any officer of the Continental army, and General Lincoln left him in disgust to his fate. Stark called on Berkshire county for aid, and got a reinforcement of three hundred men the day before the battle. With his force numbering about 1,500 men, he attacked the force of Hessians, at least as numerous, under General Baum, seven miles from Bennington Centre, and on the New York side of the line, whipped them handsomely in the fight, and made prisoners of all who were not killed. The event was the turning point of the campaign, which ended gloriously for the colonists two months later, in the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

The oration of President Bartley of Dartmouth College last Thursday, vividly describes all the conditions and incidents of an event which we can only sketch. It was quite appropriate that New Hampshire should furnish the orator of the day, seeing that New Hampshire furnished the general who made the day worthy of celebration. The American troops were militia, but not altogether inexperienced in wars. Their great advantage, however, was in being commanded by a skilled soldier. Vermont has always retained the characteristics of a rural community. Now, as a hundred years ago, the bulk of her people are farmers. There are few rich and few poor, but the average intelligence is high, and in the late war the Vermont brigade was one of the notable corps of the Union army. Composed of stalwart and dauntless men, it was the pride and the reliance of every general who had it in his command. In no State is the love of freedom more deeply implanted, or asserted with more determination; and from her farms and schools have come forth some of the most illustrious of the nation's public men.

The National Repository for September is a fine number. The illustrations are well-executed, and the contents varied and attractive. Over the Alps, William Cullen Bryant, The Exposition at Munich by Prof. Wells, are the illustrated papers. The sketch of the Brothers Harper is well written, and so is the second chapter of Mrs. Dickinson's story of Phoebe Brewster's Trust. "That Boy" is still on his tramp with somebody after him. The miscellany of this number is excellent, and the editorial is always strong.

Editorial Items.

The entering class at the College of Arts, Boston University, promises to be a very fine one. A larger number than usual have already passed their examinations, and more have announced their coming at the opening of the term, next month. The gentler sex are well represented as to numbers and preparation.

Larger opportunities have been secured for rooming in the building for students, both theological and academic, and new and important additions are contemplated in the school of theology. Our Church offers no facilities for our young students in divinity superior to those that are now proffered by our University in Boston. Graduates especially will find that their advanced scholarship will not be retarded by students in special departments. No city offers better public illustrations of the most effective as well as polished preaching than Boston, or wider opportunities for Christian service while pursuing theological studies. Another and important feature is the school of oratory, connected with the University. It has no superior, if it has an equal, in the land. The late commencement attracted general attention on account of the superior forensic power of the students, and their remarkable grace of delivery. The claims of the University, in all its departments, are beginning to be generously acknowledged.

We have heard from time to time that Bishop Simpson was engaged upon a cyclopaedia of Methodism, but had little idea of the importance or breadth of the work, and honestly wondered how so busy a life, constantly devoted to exhausting episcopal services, could permit of the undertaking. The late commencement attracted general attention on account of the superior forensic power of the students, and their remarkable grace of delivery. The claims of the University, in all its departments, are beginning to be generously acknowledged.

The most entertaining hand-book of the Nile is the volume published last year by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner. It was first entitled, "My Winter on the Nile," which formed a pleasant addition to, and reminder of, his "Summer in a Garden"; but the later editions of the book bear the graver, but no more attractive, title of "Mummies and Moslems." Like his "In the Levant," there is no lack of clear, vigorous, exact description of the peculiar scenery of the rich and narrow valley of the Nile, of its singular and various population; of its modern cities and towns and more memorable ruins; of its resources, government, educational and religious condition; so that few guide-books could compare with it as a companion for a trip through Egypt; but in addition to this, it is rippling on every page with quiet humor. The author sees the ludicrous sides of everything, and without exaggeration or distortion, keeps the reader, like a witty and voluble traveling companion, in the best of spirits during all his long, and otherwise somewhat monotonous and wearisome journey. With its substantial merits and its untiring liveliness, this volume of Mr. Warner will long retain its hold upon the reading public, and justify its claim to a permanent place among really valuable volumes of travel. Egypt and the Holy Land are now the favorite fields for both amateur and scholarly investigations, while the former is the popular sanitarium for invalid travelers. Mr. W.'s volume is only sold by subscription. George M. Smith & Co., 39 Washington St., are the agents in this vicinity.

Rev. H. N. Barnum, of the American Board, writing to the *Christian Union*, from Harpoot, Turkey, takes a very helpful view of the probable attitude of the Turks toward the Christian population of Turkey, whatever may prove to be the future of war. At first there was much apprehension from Turkish fanaticism, but government orders have been received and read in the mosques to Moslems alone, intimating that any attempt to molest or kill Christians would be severely dealt with, and commanding the local authorities to exercise special vigilance to prevent any disturbances or persecutions of this description. Mr. Barnum thinks that the Turks, whether conquerors or conquered, in the present war, are sure to be greatly humbled, and that many existing obstacles to the spread of truth among them will be removed. The only exception he mentions, except in cities like Erzeroum, which may be subjected to a protracted siege, become very unhealthy, and be exposed to famine, will not remove, but remain at their posts. They apprehend no personal danger. Mr. Barnum says the great need now is for educated Christian men who will be required in every department of the government. In their quiet prosperous college on the Bosphorus they are seeking to meet this.

In one of our neighboring county charges, the parson noticed that no provision was made for securing the horses near the church, for those about to be driven to the carriages. The trustees did not seem inclined to move very vigorously in the matter. The muscular minister, however, proposed, in a social meeting, that they should among themselves volunteer to erect the necessary hitching posts, himself assuming the burden of two. He was at the spot the earliest next morning, and was soon followed by his co-laborers. Before night, by the vigorous use of pick and spade, the work was nearly completed, the dominion being among the first who had finished his task. It is always more effective to say come, than to say go!

A. Williams & Co. have for sale a very full gazetteer of Turkey, in the form of a royal quarto pamphlet, price twenty-five cents, with very fine maps and a genealogical chart. It is entitled, *History of Turkey*, by J. D. O'Connor, and is published by Moses Warren, Chicago. It makes a very convenient, cheap and useful manual, to be near at hand as one follows the progress of the great war in the daily press.

Cures Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Summer Complaints of Children. Price 50c. GEORGE MOORE, Proprietor, Great Falls, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, September 2.
Lesson X. Acts xviii, 1-11.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

PAUL AT CORINTH.

From literary Athens Paul went to Corinth—the proud, busy, commercial metropolis of Greece. The two cities were about forty-five miles apart, and on a clear day, the heights in either city were visible from those of the other. Corinth was as conspicuous for its wealth and wickedness as for its commercial importance. Standing as it did in the track of eastern and western trade, being a great emporium for merchandise, its population was filled with a worldly, money-loving spirit. Avarice and licentiousness, twin vices, held their double sway in Corinthian palaces and market-places. The undaunted apostle, however, is striking for the gentle centres, and does not hesitate, even after his chilling experience upon the Areopagus, to encounter the worldliness and vice of Corinth any more than he did the literary skepticism of Athens. There is much said, in our own day, of the need of Christianizing scholarship and science and philosophy. A great deal must yet be said and done before the literary world shall be brought within the borders of Christ's kingdom, and the field of letters be subordinated wholly to His way. But the kingdom of the market is far broader than that of the schools. Mammon rules a far greater empire than idolatry, or doubt, or refined skepticism, or irreligious scholarship. For business is everywhere, and everywhere there are the dangers and temptations that business provokes. Men say business is business, and then sell their Christian names with shameless practices, that they would not dare hold up to the light of the Sermon on the Mount. Corinth must be shamed out of her fat, licentious immorality. Business is not business unless it be pure and honest; it is sin. The Church has an immense work to do in purging the markets. Frauds and embezzlements and cheats and luxurious living upon ill-gotten wealth, are sins too common in cities more enlightened, and therefore more responsible, than Corinth. It will take just such preaching as Paul's to reform business. He went from Athens to Corinth with a purpose deepened into tremendous meaning, that he would know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. Christ cleared the Temple of unholiness. He must also purge the hearts of money-changers, be they Jew or Gentile, Corinthian or American.

After these things, etc. It is thought that Paul stayed in Athens about fourteen days. Finding it impossible to make much impression upon the Athenians, he wasted no more time in useless endeavor. This was Christ's own advice to His disciples. The incorrigible are to be left in their stubbornness after faithful warning. Shake off the dust against them, not in anger, but as a sign that your conscience is clear of their sin.

A certain Jew named Aquila, etc. The name is certainly Roman, and indicates the custom, which prevailed among the Jews who lived out of Palestine, of assuming a foreign name.

Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome. About the year 52 certain mathematicians, also called Chaldeans, were banished from Italy on the charge of aiding conspirators against the emperor, by astrological arts. Wieseler thinks that the Jews were confused with this class of persons, and were expelled by the same edict.

Because he was of the same craft he abode with them and wrought. We have no reason to suppose that anything beyond the occupation of Aquila and Priscilla brought the apostle into their acquaintance and hospitality. This verse reveals the fact that Paul had a trade—that of a tent-maker. It was a Jewish principle, in bringing up their families, to teach the sons some trade. In Cilicia tent-making was a common industry, to which, it seems, Paul was trained in early life. We have intimations in the history of Paul that during his apostolic life he was frequently employed in his handicraft, that he might support himself rather than be burdensome to any of his friends, or be an object of charity to receive alms like a beggar.

Would it be wise for modern preachers to imitate the example of Paul? Tent-making as a means of livelihood for a preacher driven to some occupation for his bread, would be preferable to jockeying in horses, or gambling in stocks. But in our modern times, in these days when a complete division of labor in all departments of social and business life is one of the features of our civilization, the Church ought to be wise enough to allow her ministers to be men of one work. It is a piece of the oldest kind of fogism to expect a preacher to do good work in the nineteenth century on a first-century salary.

He reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath. In the daily toil of the shop Paul did not lose sight of his mission; but prepared himself, even while his hands were busily engaged, for preaching the Gospel on the Sabbath. There is no more touching aspect of Paul's life than this at Corinth. In a city of vast wealth, Paul, the mightiest intellect of the age, was obliged to toil at his humble trade for a livelihood. Like his Master he was poor and despised, when worthy of great honor.

Persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. As in other cities, so in Corinth, Gentiles were, in small numbers probably, attracted to Jewish services. The word used here is suggestive of the right kind of preaching for all times and places—

it must be "persuasive" to be effective. Denunciation there must be in all true preaching, for sin deserves only condemnation and anathemas. But sinners must be persuaded out of their sins. They cannot be dragged into the kingdom. The terrors of the Lord are to be spoken with tenderness and tears. Win your Sunday-school classes by every persuasive word and act; win them not to yourself alone, but to the truth and to the Saviour.

Paul was pressed in the spirit. After his former companions, Silas and Timothy, arrived at Corinth, Paul felt that something more ought to be done for the cause of Christ, and he was burdened. He felt anxious for the success of their mission. He was not satisfied to be making tents and preaching in an easy way from week to week, and not see any great stir among the multitudes about him given up, to luxury and sin.

He felt a profound conviction that Christ must be preached, with greater earnestness. We must be filled with enthusiasm and power ourselves before we can make others feel the truth we wish to impress. The sun's rays warm because the sun burns; when the heart is aglow, words on the lip will not lack fervor.

When they opposed themselves, etc. The Jews again are his chief opponents. "The lost sheep of the house of Israel" care not for the fold or the Shepherd, and even transform themselves into wolves.

He shook his raiment. How faithfully Paul had labored for the rescue of the Jews! In every city he sought them first; went to their synagogues with the Word of Life; gave them all the advantage of his preference, notwithstanding he was the apostle to the Gentiles. He was righteously indignant at their stubborn resistance, and gave the sign of his discouragement and disgust.

I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles. He was conscience clear. He was no longer responsible for the blood of their souls. Now he would go to the "regions beyond," devoting himself henceforth to the conversion of the people outside the covenant.

Sometimes in Christian communities we find Gospel-hardened people whom we labor with and pray for without effect; and turning from them we discover some poor souls, who have scarcely heard of a Saviour and a Comforter, far more susceptible to our appeals and ready to accept a saving, purifying Gospel.

Entered into a certain man's house named Justus. He held no more services in the synagogue, but accepted the kind offer of one Justus, and used his house, which was near by the synagogue, as a convenient place for worship. Justus was probably inclined to the Jewish faith, but was not a full believer, and was quite ready to hear the truth from Paul.

The chief ruler of the synagogue, etc. Crispus was one of the distinguished converts at Corinth, whom Paul also baptized (See 1 Cor. i. 14). His whole household also received the Gospel and became a household of faith. When the family life is Christian, how the individual life is blessed and fortified for its personal endeavors!

Many of the Corinthians hearing believed. Justus' house being situated near the synagogue, many who were Grecian proselytes to the Jewish faith probably were drawn to the services of Paul, and became converts.

Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace. We infer from this account of a vision, that the apostle was somewhat disheartened, and needed just this assurance which the supernatural voice brought to him. He was exhorted to a courageous proclamation of the truth. Bravery, positive and unyielding statements of truth, even in the face of opposition, were needful conditions of success; they always are necessary to the efficiency of the preacher.

I am with thee. The voice was evidently divine, and the promise came from the same Lord who had called the apostle to His service.

For I have much people in this city. Many who now seem careless and inattentive to your appeals, are, nevertheless, Mine, and a brave and unremitting ministry of the Gospel will bring them to a knowledge of the truth. We are apt to "fail and be discouraged" in our effort for the salvation of men because we do not realize that these unsaved masses about us are God's; that He wills their salvation; that if we are brave and tireless, many will be saved. We lose heart and faith, and therefore lose the harvest. We need to see spiritual visions, hear the Divine voice, and be "very courageous" for souls.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 2.
1. How long was Paul at Athens, and what was his success there?
2. Describe Corinth.
3. Where was his home in this city?
4. What motive probably actuated Paul in pursuing his trade in Corinth?
5. What success did he have in preaching to the Jews here?
6. Why was he discouraged, and how was he cheered?

No book is worth anything that is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in the army; or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. — Ruskin.

God never put one man or one woman into the world, without giving each something to do in it, or for it—some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR: Will you permit me to use the heading of an article published in your issue of July 26? The sentiments advanced in that article following, struck a chord which vibrated, and I would like to offer a word in response. Not, indeed, with the hope of adding anything new to what Sister E. has written, but for the purpose of "staying up her hands," and, if possible, of giving another stroke with the mallet, that may propel the ball a little further onward.

Right glad were we that the subject had been so clearly and happily presented by the writer, for from our own lookout we have seen that "these things were so." Deeply as we may have deplored the apparent declension, we could not ignore the facts as given by her.

However, we are not prepared to write "Ichabod" over our altars, for we cannot believe that "the glory has departed," nor that the spirit of piety has declined; but we have often asked, Why this shrinking back, on the part of that class of our membership named by Sister E.? Why is it that individuals once found in the front ranks of all reformatory movements, and also in all religious efforts, are now so seldom seen? Is it because the standard of education has been raised, and the doors of our colleges opened to female applicants? Because a few graduates from classic halls are already in the field, it is to be supposed that they only are the burden-bearers—the only representatives of that part of our membership?

Recalling the past, as we look over the field and remember the faithful and successful labors of Sister Ransom and Phoebe Palmer, we ask, Where are those who have caught up their fallen mantles? That we have an Amanda Smith, who is ever ready to sing to us, "A little more faith in Jesus," we admit, and we know also that other such are in our Church, who are kindred to her, and are drinking supplies from the same fountain; and we want to draw aside the curtain, for we would see them and feel assured that they are with us, around us, and that we are permitted to breathe in the same atmosphere with them.

While we recognize the fact (as stated by her) that the Baptist and other denominations are, in this respect, advancing to the front, we give them the right hand of fellowship; but we would not be left in the rear; rather, side by side, would we march onward in every good cause.

Henry Ward Beecher, somewhere in a lecture advocating congregational singing, adverts to a circumstance of his own experience, in the early part of his ministry. In his field of labor, in the then called "far-off West," he had fallen in with the Methodists, who, it would seem, had previously taken the field. Looking upon them somewhat as an advance guard, he had begun to question with regard to his own prospect of success. In correspondence with his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, then resident in Boston, he speaks of the earnest, successful labors of that class of itinerant evangelists. In reply the Doctor said, "He need never expect to cope with the Methodists, unless he could out-pray and out-sing them!" Appended to this was an admonition from the younger Beecher to our Church, to cling to their old form of congregational singing and to keep within our "old landmarks." May not the same remarks apply to the subject under consideration?

The names of those individuals so prominent in our Church for their labors and loving spirit, seem to us like "precious ointment poured forth," and when mentioned in our presence we almost want to bow our head in reverence. Only one of the trio remains to the Church, and no matter what the color of the drapery worn by her, we do long to catch her spirit, and have often wished that we might sit at her feet and learn of her.

"I have no ability for public efforts," says one. In reply we say, ability and talents are developed only by exercise. Once convinced of duty, how can a Christian falter? Do we forget the ransom that has been paid for souls, and that "he who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death?" Have we not always, as a denomination, dared to be singular—if so the world was pleased to call us—and have not trophies been won for the Church, by the humble efforts of women?

When we became adopted into the family of the justified and were permitted to enroll our names on the record of the M. E. Church, inducted into all its peculiar and signal privileges, did we not claim this among other helps, as our birthright? And, feeble, tottering though we then were, did we not grow thereby? With all these considerations, will we now shrink back, forget our birthright, and yield the field to others?

Dr. Fowler, in a memorial discourse on our lamented Bishop Jones, speaks of his ambition as a characteristic inherent in his nature, calling it "a royal disease," a distemper peculiar to kingly blood. We had not suspected that principle ever found a lodgment in a nature so unassuming, so unselfish in all his aims, as that of Bishop Jones, but it was not the ambition of an Alexander, or a Napoleon. It was an ambition enshrouded by his matchless humility, and subservient only to the advancement of the cause of God. If in any ambition may be justifiable in the heart of the believer, may it not in such cases as this?

In an article written by Dr. Steele, this subject is beautifully presented, and with a quotation from his pen we close: "Let every one who has an heaven-lit torch, raise it high and keep it aloft, that all the coming ranks may see the light and be urged forward in their onward course!" MRS. D. SHERMAN. Brookline, Aug. 5.

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The Family.

WILL MY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN KNOW ME?

BY A. F. C.

Will my friends in heaven know me?
Will they seem like friends of yore?
Will they know that I am coming,
And await me at the door?

Shall we feel as when we parted
All the old familiar love?
Will the ties that sweetly bound us
Be more sweet when formed above?

Or, will all the heavenly glories
Make my friends so strangely fair,
That a mighty awe will seize me,
When I meet my dear ones there?

Oh, I hope not! For 'twould grieve me
More than words can ever tell,
Even amid the joys of heaven,
If the friends I loved so well—

Should seem strange and far above me,
On account of heavenly lore,
They had gained since last I saw them
Passing from an earthly shore.

If the loved ones, whose dear faces
I have longed so much to see,
Should withhold the joyous welcome
That on earth they gave to me;—

If the smile that sweetly lingered
On their faces as they passed
Down into the darkness valley,
Be for me the very last,—

More than half the sweet incentive
That now draws my heart on high,
Would be lost, if like a stranger
They should coldly pass me by.

But I trust that they will know me,
And will take me by the hand;
And will teach me all the wisdom
Of that pure and happy land.

So I shall not feel a stranger,
Though so lately freed from earth;
Sharing in the heavenly kingdom
With my friends, a holy birth.

"REJOICING IN HOPE."

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

DEAR LOUIE: Your kind invitation came to-day. I will spend a few days with you on the way to visit my husband's family. I have most reluctantly consented to undertake this journey. Everything is a painful effort to me now, and has been since Edward died. I prepared to see a faded, wretched old woman in place of the happy girl you used to know. I would not intrude my sorrowful self upon you, did I not believe you really want to see me, miserable as I am.

Your broken-hearted KATE.

The postman brought me this letter one morning. Katie Thornton and I had been schoolmates. She was one of the brightest, most sweet-tempered of our large class of girls. We all predicted for her a sunny, joyous future, and for some years after we graduated our predictions were fully realized. She was the centre of life in her father's beautiful home, and when she left it for one of her own, her letters were full of the perfect happiness she had found there. Her husband was exactly her ideal, and once she wrote me: "I should be quite satisfied to have life go on just as it is now forever! I sometimes think I am too happy, but it's my nature. I don't believe I ever could be real miserable as some people I know."

Not long after, her husband was taken from her very suddenly, and she sank under the blow, as such exuberant natures so often do.

A deep melancholy settled over her. Although both her husband and herself were Christians, a gloomy doubt kept her from the comfort her religion should have brought. Her friends all spoke and wrote of the great change that had come over her, and I must confess, when I looked into the white, worn face set in the heavy black crape, my own heart failed me.

She told me all about her husband's death the first evening after she came, and I tried to comfort her as best I could. But she met me with words of consolation with the blankness of her own despair.

"Did you not meet me at last night?" I asked when I met her in the morning.

"I suppose I might as well confess— you know I told you everything at school," she answered, with a dreary little smile; "I don't rest now at night. I didn't retire early as you advised. I can't sleep, and the nights seem so terribly long. I sit up as late as I can."

"And what were you doing all that time alone, poor child? Why didn't you speak to me?"

"Oh, it isn't worth while to keep others awake when it would do no good. I was reading and thinking."

"Something soothing, I hope."

"Quite the contrary. I am not easily soothed now-a-days. Last night I was reading something you'll not like at all. Once I should not have given it a second thought. Now I feel that dreadful things are possible. It was that little poem Strauss wrote to his family just before he died. I came across it the other day, and saved it, and last night, as I was looking in my traveling-bag for something, I chanced upon it—just at the wrong time, I know you'll say."

"But, Kate dear, why will you read such gloomy things? I remember that poem. It is the most pitiful thing ever written, I believe. You are not an unbeliever, like him. Broken-hearted you may be, for your sorrow is bitter, but not hopeless, I am sure; for you belong to the household of faith, though now for a little time you are in the dark."

Strauss stood blank and hopeless before the future life, because he had sold his birthright, and would have none of his blessed promise. But the very pathos and sadness of the sentiments expressed in that poem belie his own utterances. Only think of it—a man with his spiritual possibilities exhorting his wife and children to live on the past; saying that simply to remember that was immortality enough. I wish all the young souls he has dazzled by his brilliant but godless life could feel his utter dreariness at the last. It's not wholesome reading for you, Kate, and you know it is not true; your own sorrowful heart, the yearnings we all have for those who have gone from us, cry out against such a belief."

"I suppose I know it is not true, but that is quite a different thing from feeling. I ought to believe, to have faith, but I don't. There seems no way out of this gloomy doubt that shuts me round with a terrible darkness. You are disappointed in me, Louie, and so are all my friends. I used to be so brave and full of hope, but it's all gone. It seems as if the weight of a thousand years were upon me, or as if I had died and been buried, and some desolate old woman risen in my place."

The breakfast bell ended our talk for the time.

Poor Kate! I thought, as we passed down stairs, how am I ever to help you? Words are of so little use when you are sinking in the deep waters of an overwhelming sorrow.

One morning, a few days after this, when I came up from the kitchen where I had been busy with Bridget for a while, I found Kate reading Emerson. She cared so little now for any intellectual that I was heartily glad to see her interested in a new book.

"Read aloud, will you, Kate?" I said, as I brought her sewing.

"You know Emerson is a favorite of mine, though you used to call him 'misty,' at school, and say he wasn't bright enough for you."

"I've no taste for bright things now," she answered wearily.

She looked so haggard and worn in the light of the dull August morning, that I felt more than ever the ravages sorrow had made upon the sunny young face.

"Here is something that quite expresses my feeling," she said, after a little silence. "It is Emerson's account of the two men who were seeking for light, but found none; and she read aloud: 'Many years ago, there were two men in the United States senate, both of whom are now dead. Both were men of distinction, and took an active part in the politics of their day and generation. They were men of intellect, and one of them, at a later period, gave to a friend this anecdote: He said that, when he entered the senate, he became in a short time intimate with one of his colleagues, and, though attentive enough to the routine of public duty, they daily returned to each other, and spent much time in conversation on the immortality of the soul, and other intellectual questions, and cared for little else. When my friend at last left Congress, they parted, his colleague remaining there; and, as their homes were widely distant from each other, it chanced that he never met him again, until, twenty-five years afterwards, they saw each other, through open doors, at a distance, in a crowded reception at the President's house in Washington.

"Slowly they advanced towards each other, as they could, through the brilliant company, and at last met; and cordially, at last his friend said, 'Any light, Albert?' 'None,' replied Albert. 'Any light, Louis?' 'None,' replied he. They looked in each other's eyes silently, gave one more shake each to the hand he held, and thus parted for the last time."

"I am like those men," Kate said when she had finished reading, "quite in the dark, and groping for the light. Cry for it as I will, I do not find it. Neither does it matter, as Emerson goes on to say, that this is an argument for something beyond this life. I want more than this or nothing. I want to know surely that there is an hereafter, that Edward has gone to heaven, and that I am going there too, sometime. I could wait patiently if I felt sure there was anything at the end. I thought I believed, but now I doubt everything."

Bridget came to tell me the "blueberry man" was in the kitchen, and wanted to know how many berries he should leave."

"Come down with me, Kate," I said, hoping to divert her from her sad thoughts. "You were such a good housekeeper, I want your judgment."

"You'll hardly need my advice over such berries as these," Kate said, when she saw those the old man had brought. They were full and luscious, with a rich glossy color, such as berries only have that grow on the mountains or where the sea air blows over them.

"This is bad weather for your business, isn't it, Uncle Joe?" I said, as he emptied the berries.

"Yes, it's bad pickin', an' it's sticky an' dirty out o' doors. But I reckon this spell o' weather can't hold on many days. It'll be bright ag'in afore long. It's allus more pleasant afore sich dull weather."

There was a cheery sound in the old man's rough voice that made Kate look at him.

"I suppose you find it hard work sometimes, don't you?" she asked kindly.

"It's hard work pickin' berries for a livin' a'most any time, Miss, but it's particular hard when folks git on in life, like my ole woman an' me."

"Are you pretty well now?" I asked.

"Mid'lin,' thank you. This wet weather an' stoopin' so much kinder gives me the rheumatiz'. I reckon a'most all o' us have trouble, one way or 'nother.' He had noticed Kate's mourning, and her sad face. "But if we are Christian folks, it don't matter so much. I say to myself a'most every day, a few more trips an' I'll be through. An' when I lay down at night, with every bone in my body achin', I think how it'll not be long afore the restin' time 'll come. I can wait a bit, knowin' it's comin' for cert'in."

"You seem very sure," Kate said.

"An' why shouldn't I be sure, Miss? We have the Master's own word for it. He has said He'll come, an' He will come. No danger o' His goin' back on us. Folks in this world go back on us often 'nough, but He ain't like folks we have to do with here. It tells us in the blessed Book, that He won't never go back on His word. Why shouldn't we be sure, Miss, if we only keep hold o' Him?"

There was a kind of rough dignity about the old man, as he stood before us, with the blueberry boxes in his arms. Poorly dressed and bowed with age, but with a calm assurance in his voice, as he said,—

"He has said He'll come, an' He will come."

The bronzed, wrinkled face, too, had a repose in it that was restful. I knew he would do Kate good, so I said,—

"Sit down, Uncle Joe, I'll rest you a bit." He said he must be going, but sat down, saying, as he did so,—

"Praps you think I haven't no trouble like youn, Miss," looking at Kate. "I was brought up to follow the sea, an' I don't take kindly to the land; but there's nothin' takes hold o' one like sich trouble as I know ye've had from yer dress, if ye'll not mind my speakin' o' it, Miss. It's five years, come fall, since my poor little Nan died. She was my darter 'Liza's child. She had a god many others, an' her husband was kinder shifless, an' they was glad to have Nan live with the ole woman an' me. We at heaps by her. She was a siddy, handy little creter. She'd allus come down the lane to open the gate for me, so I wouldn't have to git down from the wagon. I used to think when I see her standin' in the sun, her hair an' cheeks a-shinin', she was han'sum as a picture. Some days I wouldn't git home till dark, specially in the fall, when I was sellin' the vegetables, but no matter how late it was, I heard her little voice, callin' out in the dark, 'It's all right, Grandpa, come on!' She took cold waitin' for me in the rain one night, an' the fever set in, an' she never got over it. It a'most broke my heart hearin' her talk on so. She was out o' her head all the time."

"The night afore she died she kep' tossin' an' talkin' how she couldn't git the gate open, an' grandpa didn't come. I jes' took her right up in my arms, an' walked about with her, an' told her grandpa was all right, but it didn't do no good. She kep' cryin' an' talkin' 'bout the dark, an' the gate, an' me. But jes' afore mornin' she grew still all of a sudden; the scared look went out o' her face; it all brightened up, an' she looked at me smilin' an' a'at' as could be, an' said, 'He's comin'! It's all right, Grandpa!' and then the little thing was gone."

"Poor little Nan," he said, as he wiped his eyes with his sleeve, "it was loosesome 'nough after she was gone, but I couldn't be sorry for her. She'd gone where she'd have fiter company for her than the ole woman an' me. The little white face never lost its shinin', an' the folks all sed, when they see her in her coffin, she looked 'powerful happy.' I've never got over the loss of my little Nan, but I'll see her afore long. I can't callate how it'll be at the last. Mebbe it'll be all fog an' dark, as it was with poor Nan; but somehow I reckon on her bein' there waitin' to open the gate for me, an' hearin' her voice callin' to me. It's all right, Grandpa! But, any ways, the Master won't forget me no more'n He did her."

The old man had forgotten himself, and he rose hurriedly, saying, "I beg pardon for runnin' on so. It isn't often folks listen as ye have, to an ole man like me. I allus love to talk o' little Nan."

"I thank you very much," Kate said, through her tears. "You have done me so much good."

"If I may make bold to say it, Miss, don't never forget He's comin' sure, an' it'll be all right."

The rough, bent figure passed out into the dull mist, but he seemed somehow to carry a brightness with it.

Katie's tears were falling fast, but she said, as we went up stairs, "Do you think God sent that old man to me? His trouble and his faith have touched me more than anything has since Edward died. I wish he could know how he has helped me. The certainty of his simple assurance quiets me so. He has said He'll come and He will come. There was no shadow of a doubt in his voice as he said this. Now I understand the text for to-day. It was rejoicing in hope; but I thought it meant nothing to me. I was hopeless and had no cause to rejoice. Uncle Joe has illumined it for me. How do you account for it, Louie—the hold this poor old man has upon spiritual things while these grand intellectual minds grope in the darkness?"

"He simply takes God at His word. Sometimes I think it is the grandest possible attainment, so to comprehend God, His faithfulness, His love, His truth, that one can trust Him without reserve, as Uncle Joe does. And by no mere intellectual search, but it never so long and weary, can we reach this; yet it is the heritage of all who have the child-like spirit of this old man. I never

er meet such people as Uncle Joe—and there are more of them in the world than we are apt to think—but I am reminded of the many things hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

Portland, Me.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

BY EBEN H. REXFORD.

Let me do something for Jesus;
Little as best it must be,
But let it be something, something—
That is the penitent's plea!

Let me do something for Jesus,
Out in the by-ways to-day,
Where souls in the darkness are groping,
To find the light of His way.

Whatever I do for Jesus
I know will be weak at the best,
But He will think of my weakness,
And understand all the rest.

Ah, I will do something for Jesus,
And no matter how humble it be,
He will know why I did it,
And that will be reckoned to me.

HOW THE LITTLE GIRL PROVED IT.

Hereafter the language of mathematics will have to be more exact. A female teacher said that on a certain occasion she had in her school a class of little beginners—children of four and five years—and that in indicating them into the rudiments of arithmetic, she sought to simplify things as much as possible. There they had the ten numerals on their ten fingers, and in adding or subtracting the simple numbers, they could reckon upon those digits. The thing worked to a charm, and the little ones readily learned thus to solve the first problems of the great science.

One day the class was out for recitation, and subtraction was the theme.

"Five from five leaves how many?" was by-and-by asked of a bright-eyed miss of four summers.

The little thing up with her fingers and went at it. For a time she seemed exceedingly puzzled, but at length her eyes snapped, and she lifted her head confidently.

"Five!" she said, with most assured

Business Notices.

INDIAN
VEGETABLE MEDICINES

ARE THE ONLY REMEDIES THAT WILL
CURE CHRONIC DISEASES.

DR. SPEAR has been in active practice for
a quarter of a century, during which time he
has successfully treated thousands of nearly
all the different ills to which human flesh is heir.
The great principle in his system is: Discard the
use of all MINERAL MEDICINES NOT ONLY
USELESS BUT DANGEROUS.

Dr. Spear's patients may be met in nearly every
town in New England, some of twenty-four years
ago; others all the way down to the present time
when he has probably more people under treat-
ment than any other doctor in America.

DR. SPEAR may be consulted on ALL
Diseases, free of charge; also by letter,
enclosing a stamp.

Office, 897 Washington Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

272 000

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute.

Open all the year, the headquarters of the Chris-
tian and literary elite, seeking health and pleas-
ure. For full particulars send for descriptive cir-
cular.

272 000

There is nothing advertised in the U. S.
market to-day that is half so important as
proper food for children. Mothers, if you have
not tried Ridge's Food, do so at once.

GINGER TEA is made from SANFORD'S JAMAICA
GINGER at a woman's mill, and is, when so
made, ten times as effective and agreeable.
Thousands of aged people rely upon it as a necessary
stimulant to support them during the heats
of summer.

From Professor E. Bridger, Chemist, Montreal:
"I know of no preparation affording so
much nutriment, and some which builds up the
constitution so readily, and effects such permanent
and positive cures as Golden's Liquid Liquid
Extract of Beef and Cod Liver Oil."
A. POTTER, Agents.

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Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Portland District Camp-meeting, Mar-
tha's Vineyard, Aug. 20-22

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20-22

Northampton Camp-meeting, Aug. 20-22

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the Barnabee, the Smith-Whitney, the
Boylston Club and Foster Club concerts,
and in operas given by the Rudolphsen
English Opera Company, and the Dow-
Kempson Opera Company. The high
awards decreed this establishment at the
Philadelphia exhibition have given these
instruments a world-wide renown.
Only two piano-forte exhibitors were
awarded two medals, and this is the only
establishment which received two
medals for its single exhibit in the
piano-forte department of the Main
Exhibition building.

GALE'S PATENT TENTS.—Rev. F.
B. Savage, of Albany, widely known as
a camper-out in Florida and the Adir-
ondacks, writes as follows:—

July 31, 1877.

Gale & Co., 15 and 16 Fanenell Hall
Square, Boston.

SIRS.—I have just returned from a
three weeks' camping expedition in the
Adirondacks, and have had the three
tent bought of you put to the severest
tests of exposure, both as to wind and
storm, and do most unhesitatingly say
they are the most complete thing of the
kind I ever used.

1. They are easily put up and taken
down.

2. They are perfectly waterproof.

3. They are a good height and all the
room is available.

Our party asked for no better. They
were admired by all who saw them, and
one party insisted on buying one of
ours that was to spare.

Rev. Dr. Duryea of Brooklyn, and
Rev. Dr. Irwin of Troy, both of whom
used your tents, endorse all I say about
them. With kind regards, yours truly,

F. B. SAVAGE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Spencer.—Wednesday, Aug. 15th, was a
glad day for the Methodist Church in Spen-
cer. On the evening of that day the congre-
gation met with their friends and neighbors
in the vestry of their beautiful house of
worship, to celebrate its redemption from
debt. The history of their success is re-
flected in the following "here" and "there":

They were struggling under the
weight of a crushing burden of \$12,000 debt,
and the prospect of its removal was dark
and discouraging. But by the most self-
sacrificing efforts of the little society, aided
by the almost unparalleled generosity of
their friends, the debt was paid, and they
themselves now free, and full of gratitude
to those who have aided them and to
Almighty God.

Old Orchard Beach.

TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION.

The great National Temperance Camp-
meeting has just closed its session in this
camp-meeting hall, and the Portland district
camp-meeting has at the same time begun,
though when this gets into print, it
will be a thing of the past. Surely God
never prepared, and man never improved,
a more beautiful forest temple in which to
worship than this lovely grove, whose rising
brow affords an amphitheatre for seven
thousand seats while providing shelter
against the rude sea blasts, whose tall pines
are a shelter from the sun, while their dis-
carded "needles" form a clean, dry carpet,
and whose grassy terrace rising behind the
"stand," and surrounded by the "society
trees," is a unique feature not reproduced
so far as we know, on any other camp-
ground. The preparation of this attractive
auditorium was a work of labor and expense,
when three years ago the association, which
originated with Rev. A. McDonald, Munger
and Luce, selected this alder swamp, drained
the stream which flowed through its cen-
tre, and in the space of four feet of soil
placed the seats in their perfectly symmet-
rical arrangement, and built the pretty little
octagonal stand with its background of glass
windows, its only fault being that it is alto-
gether too small to accommodate the great
body of ministers who usually attend meet-
ings of this description.

The original purchase of the Old Orchard
Beach Camp-meeting Association was about
forty-five acres, to which a farm of 250 acres
was added, and the whole laid out in
lots varying from 20x30 feet to 40x60
feet. The five hundred of these have been sold,
and about two hundred cottages and one
hundred tents erected, in addition to the
forty society tents which crown the ridge,
many of them being very pretty, and adorned
with vines, flowers, etc. A great attraction
to visitors at this lovely spot is the beautiful
"fern" in the grove, which is the cause of
joining the grove, where one may wander
for hours along paths well laid out, resting
in romantic arbors, and reading poetical
sign-boards.

Then there are the big hotels, standing un-
shaded in their sandy deserts; the plank
walks leading from the grove to the beach;
the bowling alleys; the merry-go-rounds;
the crowds of well-dressed visitors; and the rest
of "the world, the flesh, and the devil,"
that usually cluster around watering-places,
to say nothing of the beach—the grandest
in New England—with its long, rolling
breakers, and we have a sufficient combina-
tion to render this a very attractive resort,
even without the meetings.

But the meetings held under such inspi-
ration cannot but be grand. The National
Temperance meeting, which closed on Sun-
day, was pronounced a success by those who
were in charge, although the constant rain-
ing interfered greatly with the size of the con-
gregations. And the district camp-meeting
now in session, though not as yet largely at-
tended, has opened with a deep spirit of
consecration and earnest breathing after the
baptism of the Spirit, which promises great
success to the cause. The Temperance meet-
ing was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and
Thursday, with a general service. Prof.
Foster, of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and
Hon. Fred Douglass were among the speakers
on Wednesday, and Prof. Foster spoke
again on Thursday, touching especially on
prohibition. Friday was devoted to the tem-
plars, and Saturday was children's day. J. N.
Stearns, of New York, addressing the lit-
tle folks in the morning, Miss Kimball and
others in the afternoon. The editor of the
United spoke in the evening, and a general
effort was made to get subscribers for this
organ of the women's temperance work. On
Sunday morning Rev. D. C. Babcock, of
Philadelphia, district secretary of the Na-
tional Temperance Society, preached the an-
nual sermon, taking the subject of Bible
laws, and proving that out of the nine Hov-
ewords used signifying wine, those were
repeated, and it was shown that the word
"fermented" wine are always used with terms
of prohibition. He took the radical posi-
tion that to drink even a glass of wine is a
sin. There was a large congregation Sun-
day morning, and a still larger one in the af-
ternoon, when the women held a meeting,
at which Mrs. Stevens of Stroudwater pre-
sided, Mrs. S. K. Bolton of Cleveland,
Miss Lucia Kimball of Chicago, and others
taking part. There were also two reformed
men's meetings throughout the day, and a
sermon and closing service at night. The
camp-meeting commenced with an inform-
al prayer-meeting on Monday night, and in
spite of a rainy morning the regular three

preaching services were pretty well attend-
ed, as also were tent prayer-meetings, a Bi-
ble reading conducted by Rev. Mr. Munger,
and an exceedingly interesting prayer-meet-
ing at four. The preachers were Rev. S.
Morse, Trask of York, Sprague of Andover,
and Strout of Portland.

M. E. W.

Lassell Seminary.

Among the many educational festivities
incident to this closing season of the school
year, that connected with the Lassell Semi-
nary for young women richly merits a special
mention.

The location of this school, upon the high-
lands of Newton's most beautiful suburb,
Auburndale, is all that could be desired for
quiet in study, easy access to the best privi-
leges of society, for beauty in natural scenery,
and for health.

The building and its surroundings present
a pleasing aspect, and is admirably adapted in its
structure and appointments to furnish an
agreeable home to such as are so fortunate
as to be admitted there. The course of
study and the facilities for pursuing it, are of
the first-class, and place this school high
among those with which it ranks.

There was ample evidence that the hand
of the accomplished principal, Mr. C. C.
Bradley, A. M., had been effectively, but
tenderly, laid upon all—even the seemingly
minutest—details of the daily routine of
the school; and his cheerful and sagacious
activity was an inspiration to all his associ-
ates.

The examinations and other exercises of
the occasion, afforded sufficient proof of the
ability and fidelity of the corps of teachers
in charge of the several departments, and
that the students generally had appreciated
and improved their opportunities.

The public exercise of elocution, and music
on Tuesday evening were well worthy of the
high appreciation awarded them by the
audience. Some portions of them were of a
high order.

The essays of the graduating class evinced
research and thought, and in style and con-
tent, a pure religious ideal upon the young
ladies, and the capabilities of the
seminary; while the parting words of the
principal were compact, forcible, tender,
and strikingly appropriate. It should also
be said, that while anything that can be
called secularism has no place in the
curriculum, a pure religious culture, a manifest
in all classes connected with it.

It appeared very evident to the visitors,
that this school is so arranged as to furnish
a well-managed Christian home to such
young ladies as prefer separate educational
privileges of a high order.

L. R. TAYLOR.

For the Official Visitors.

METHODISM ALONG THE BOSTON, CONCORD
AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.

New Hampshire has been called the
"Switzerland of America," on account of her
lakes and mountains. Through all this
region the longest railroad of the State—the
B. & C. & M. R. R.—runs from Concord to
Groveton, the junction with the Grand
Trunk.

We purpose to visit of Methodism along
this line. The line leaves Concord, crossing
the broad intervals of the Merrimack, and
strikes the rocky side of Lake Winnepesaukee, the river being of the same
name. Here is the seat of the New Hamp-
shire Conference Seminary and Female Col-
lege. It was originally built on the North-
field side, but being burned to the ground,
was rebuilt on the Concord side, which has
been changed to the town of Tilton. This
school is situated on a beautiful eminence on
the left, as we go north, overlooking the
station and most of the village. It has en-
joyed six years of prosperity under the presidency
of Rev. J. B. Robinson, who has now gone
to the West to accept of \$30,000, value of
an important institution of learning there.

L. D. Barrows, D. D., of New Hampshire
Conference, will assume the presidency of
this school at the beginning of next term.
His friends are looking forward with high
hopes and many prayers for his prosperity.

One incident will illustrate how such
schools were instituted, and who the men
were who did it. At the last session of the
Conference at Tilton, in 1862, when the for-
mer large and commodious structure stood
on the Northfield side, at a meeting in behalf
of this school, Father Scarratt related the
fact that when it was instituted, he sold his
home for \$20, and gave twenty-five of it to
the seminary. This was the last time the
venerable man was with us. He was on the
superannuated list, and struggling hard to
live, residing on a little "rocky patch" in
Sandwich. To the credit of the
generosity of his younger brethren, a hand-
some collection was made for him at the
close of his remarks.

The school was planted amid many prayers
and much sacrifice, and has been watered by
some tears. It once to God's work of educa-
tion the rising generation. The school sadly
needs an endowment of \$30,000, which has
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